

I'm Not Going To the Truck!

by COTk-MC

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Summary: Jack and Mr. Horrendous play the world most horrible game and end up waking up the viking parents of 'all of that'. AU because it's gotta be. And also because of The Marvelous Misadventures of Hijack.

I'm Not Going To the Truck!

**\*\*COTk:** This is a little off-shoot-drabble for the other Hijcak fic I am working on; The Marvelous Misadventures of Hijack that was inspired by a mental image a friend of mine had a couple days ago. All the game-play events that happen are completely truthful, as I was in Jack's position and my best-fart was Hiccup.\*\*

Jack was a devious little shit. And Hiccup should never have agreed to play this game. But he's never heard of it before, and Hiccup likes himself a good scare. So, it couldn't be that scary. Right?

Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third had never been more wrong in his life.

Because here he was, sitting on a chair next to Jack Frost, all the lights turned off, save for the screen of the computer in front of them. The only sound was the footsteps from the speakers and Jack's occasional chuckle.

Of course, Hiccup had heard of Slenderman before, he even watched a couple documentaries on him/\_it.\_ And to be honest, he was terrified. But a game. Come onâ€¦|

No. Hiccup wasn't sitting next to Jack, Hiccup was sitting against Jack. With his hands fisted tightly around his blue hoodie, poking his face over his shoulder as he watched the screen intently, wincing and shrinking back a little at every new turn or sound.

And Jack couldn't conceal his stupid smirk.

But that smirk quickly faded when he turned a corner and saw the missing face of the Slendorian Lord poking out from behind a tree, all the while the footsteps getting louder.

They both let out an incredibly un-manly scream as Jack clicked the flashlight off. After he caught his breath a few moments later, he turned the flashlight back on. Exhaling the breath he wasn't quite aware that he was holding, he began walking through the woods again until he got to the large building.

"Don't go in there, Jack!" Hiccup said quietly, watching helplessly as the entrance got smaller and smaller. "No, Jack, don't."

"Come on, Mr. Horrendous, I gotta find those pages and at least one might be in here, so I have to look."

"Who put pieces of paper in the middle of the woods and sends people out to look for them anyways?" Hiccup muttered under his breath, trying not to look at the computer screen, but failing miserably.

After searching the building for about ten minutes, not having little, mini-heart-attacks by running into Slenderman, nor did he find any pages, Jack finally headed back into the woods. Where he automatically finds a page. Then hears the footsteps.

Hiccup held onto his hoodie tighter, for dear life in fact. And even Jack was getting anxious, sitting on the edge of his seat, finger ready to push the button to turn the light off if he needed to, his leg bouncing nervously.

It wasn't until they got to the truck that they saw Slenderman again. But, at first, they didn't think it was him.

"Is that-?" Jack started, walking cautiously up to the bed of the truck, shining the light on the thing sitting in the back.

Hiccup squinted at the screen. "Nah; it's too derpy looking to be him!"

Jack sat back, staring wide eyed at the screen. "I think that is him."

"Gods! It is."

Jack let out a shaky breath as Hiccup wiggled closer to him. If that was even possible.

Slowly, Jack turned and ran away from the truck, muttering something about getting away under his breath. It wasn't until they were fully in the trees that he stopped to look around.

"Crap, I'm at the gate!" Jack muttered.

"Go back to the truck." Hiccup said, suddenly way more excited than he should be.

"No, I'm not going back to the truck!" Jack almost yelled.

"Come on! Go to the truck!"

"You go to the freakin' truck!" And just as Jack yelled that, quietly due to Hiccup's parent's sleeping in the next room, he came across a humongously large tree with a page on it. Clicking on it, feeling very pleased with himself; having collected the first page of eight without getting Slender-ized, he turned from the tree just as the footsteps started again.

"Ohmygod! Ohmygod!" He chanted over and over again as he ran until the noise started to fade into the background. "I hate this game!" He sort of wailed, looking terrified while Hiccup gaped at the screen in mild horror.

Just when they thought they were safe, the footsteps started again. And only got louder the further they ran.

"I think you're running towards him!" Hiccup yelled, patting Jack on the shoulder repeatedly.

"I don't know where else to go!"

"Go back to the truck! Go back to the truck!"

"What's with you and the truck!?"

"I like the freaking truck, okay!"

"We're going to wake you parents up!"

"I don't care! The truck!"

"No!"

"Jack, just go to the truck!"

"But what if he's there still?"

"I'll hold you until it's all better!"

"It will never be better!"

They found the clearing where they had left the truck, with Hiccup saying, more like shouting, "You went to the truck!" only to find that Slenderman was no longer sitting in the back. "Where the hell did he go!?"

"He's probably waiting on the other side for us!"

The footsteps only grew in volume, "go, go, go, go now please!"

And Jack turned around only to find Slenderman standing right in front of him. And when the screen turned to static, they both let out a loud, almost blood curdling scream that could be heard a block away.

A minute later, the door to Hiccup's bedroom opened faster than they could blink, and two very tired and scared looking adult vikings

stood in the door way, shooting out questions of 'are you okay?' and 'what's happening?' and 'what's going on?'

Hiccup and Jack had slapped their hands over their mouths as soon as that horrible noise had erupted from them. And tears were spilling from both of their eyes as they turned their head away from the screen that said 'Pages Collected: 1/8 Play again?' and up to a now very angered and upset Stoick and Valhallarama.

Needless to say; they did get in trouble and told to turn the computer off and go to bed. All the while with Stoick's added threat of "You ever scream like that because of a game again, I'll sure as I've ever been give you something to scream about!"

Neither of them slept that night; they were both too scared to even shut their eyes.

End  
file.